The COMMONWEAL

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Alliance or Federation?

COMPARED to the problem of bringing increasingly superior forces of men and matériel into play at strategic points, and thus nailing down victory in the field, the task of winning the peace is bewilderingly complex. But one thing stands out clear. We shall not win the peace if we seek it at cross purposes with our allies. Just as from a military viewpoint it would be folly to throw tactical considerations to the winds and adopt a line of attack which would bring Anglo-American forces to the city of Berlin in the shortest possible order—in an attempt to get there before the Soviet armies—so too a struggle to impose one's own peace terms on the enemy would result disastrously. Of course, both allied armies are today still hundreds of miles from the heart of Germany. A powerful air force, hundreds of veteran divisions and a variety of natural obstacles still stand in the way. History demonstrates that a nation defeated on the field can all too easily emerge a virtual victor from a peace conference by adroitly playing one victorious enemy against another.

Such considerations point to more than simply the critical importance of the opening of Anglo-American-Russian negotiations later on this month. There is, to begin with, the disturbing contrast between the generous conditions outlined by the "Free Germany Committee" harbored on Soviet soil and our vague reiteration of "Unconditional Surrender" (with the retribution in store for Germany threatened in Mr. Churchill's speech before Parliament). The Germans know the hatred they have aroused in Russia, but a régime which takes as little account of human feelings as Stalin's might offer terms comparatively favorable to Germany anyway. Hence the urgent need of giving the German people some concrete picture of what is in store for them after unconditional surrender. Otherwise they might capitulate to Stalin before an Anglo-American Russian agreement has been reached. That calls for immediate action on our part.

What should be America's ultimate objective here? An increasing number of publicists and politicians are pinning their post-war hopes on an Anglo-American alliance—again *vide* Winston Churchill. Aside from military actualities which make the whole thing dubious, such an alliance would not do the job. In fact even an Anglo-American-Russian alliance to maintain some sort of peace and order in the world would be inadequate. Whether it divided the world into spheres of influence or called for joint action in international matters, it would leave the smaller powers disgruntled potential allies of the next disturber of the peace. It would alienate the peoples of Asia, Africa, Latin America and the former democracies of western Europe. Even a federation in which two or three large nations or empires wield power as a bloc is but an empty framework. Under such international domination such slogans as the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms will have lost their meaning. The high-handed, over-simple shortcut to order and peace and plenty held out by an Anglo-American alliance is illusory, even if others will be encouraged to come in. Vice-President Wallace has happily expressed his lack of confidence in such "partial alliances."

Is there no limitation then to the commitments which the United States must undertake to assure peace and order in our highly interdependent modern world? Must we not be restricted to commitments to which we are equal? Of course. And a viable formula has been well phrased by Hamilton Fish Armstrong in the current *Foreign Affairs*: "general acceptance of a general relationship, with general though graduated responsibilities, offers the only basis for organizing world peace under the conditions produced by the development of science, communication and education . . . nothing but world peace is good enough for a World Power like the United States." That the American people realize this is overwhelmingly clear from the one-sided House vote in favor of the Fulbright Resolution, calling for our participation in the maintenance of world peace; for

ST. [illegible]

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these Congressmen who voted for it almost to a man had just returned from two months with their constituents and this was the first measure they adopted. No Senate committee obstruction can alter that!

The peace we fight for, then, should be a people's peace and one to be maintained by some sort of federation in which all nations will share the responsibility. Which implies an international armed force to keep that peace. That is the objective we must have in mind as we approach the Russian conference table, for there will have to be a certain pooling of international power if the current struggle is not to lead to further wars of even more deadly human destruction. To quote Pius XII in his Christmas 1939 allocution: "In order that peace may be honorably accepted and in order to avoid arbitrary breaches and unilateral interpretations of treaties, it is of first importance to erect some juridical institution which shall guarantee the loyal and faithful fulfillment of the conditions agreed upon, and which shall, in case of recognized need, revise and correct them."

Subsidies

WITH CONGRESS again in session, certain of the farm organizations—and unfortunately the most powerful of them—are seeking once more to do away with subsidies and, indeed, with price control over what they produce. The basic reason for this opposition seems to be nothing more nor less than a selfish—and understandable—desire to take full advantage of a seller's market. The justification alleged is that only once every twenty years do farmers really enjoy such a market; the rest of the time they have to put up with heartbreaking market conditions after they have already broken their hearts getting out their crops.

The answer is simple. To allow farm prices to go up unchecked would be to create a national disaster which in the long run would injure the farmers and make the profits they are so eager for turn into a hollow, inflated mockery. For what good would it do them to amass dollars—and then find that these dollars are almost worthless? The reader may wonder how subsidies would work to keep down farmers' profits, since their purpose is not to do this but rather to stabilize the cost of living for city dwellers. Again the answer is simple. If subsidies are to be paid, obviously the government must be persuaded in each individual case that a subsidy is necessary, and the farmers know very well that the government will not pay them subsidies in order to assure them disproportionate profits. The government will not be much impressed by the sad story of lean years; it will probably look more than askance at a farmer's making, let us say, 100 percent over and above his cash costs on any given crop. That is the reason why farmers don't want subsidies.

We are caught, then, between the devil and the deep sea. Either the farmers must sacrifice the advantages—or part of them—which the war has brought them, or we must all go headlong into inflation. On balance, we prefer the former alternative, and we believe that in the long run this is the better alternative, even for the farmer.

But beneath this whole fight there is a deeper problem—the problem of seeing to it that those who raise the nation's food and fiber shall not be confronted with years of starvation followed by a year or two of glut. Some method will have to be devised for holding agricultural prices in line, or else our society will constantly have this canker eating at its vitals. In this issue of THE COMMONWEAL we describe in part the program of the Canadian CCF. This party also proposes a remedy for the agricultural problem. It would have all farm produce bought at fixed prices by the government and then resold to the consumer at market prices, with the hope that as the latter fluctuate, the long-term result would represent no substantial loss to the government. This may be too simple a scheme, but it at least represents a recognition of the basic problem.

Items

TWO ITEMS from American Negro life are hopeful and encouraging. There is the appointment, some weeks ago, to an unexpired term as Justice of the City Court of New York, of Francis E. Rivers. Justice Rivers is also Republican and ALP nominee for the same judgeship in the elections this November, the highest judicial office ever held by a Negro. . . . The second item is a highly sympathetic letter from President Roosevelt addressed to the Annual Conference of the National Urban League in Chicago—an admirable agency working all over the country to improve race relations and to better the Negro's economic and social status. Certain sentences from this letter deserve quotation: "It is fitting that the National Urban League should seek to impress upon our Nation the fact that Negro and white Americans must cooperate effectively in winning the war, and in developing harmonious peacetime living as a foundation of lasting American democracy. The integrity of our Nation and our war aims is at stake in our attitude toward minority groups at home. Men of all races—black, brown, white and yellow—fight beside us for freedom. We cannot stand before the world as a champion of oppressed peoples unless we practice as well as preach the principles of democracy for all men. . . . Ours is a two-fold responsibility. All true Americans must be prepared to protect with life itself the inalienable rights of all men without regard to race, creed or color. All true Americans also must increasingly accept the responsibilities that go with democratic privileges."

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Counter-Reformation

IT MAY cause a great number of people considerable pain, it may be a great disappointment for all of us, but the fact is, the demonstrable fact is, that the armies of the United Nations are the armies of the Duke of Brunswick. The armies of the United Nations have not marched up from Marseilles to Valmy. They are not the armies of the Revolution. They are the armies of the Counter-Revolution. In their baggage train they carry all the past.

We would like to feel that we were the armies of the revolution because we associate with the word revolution all sorts of sympathetic images of courage and generosity. We associate these qualities with *certain* revolutionary periods: with the period of the American Revolution in which with little change in social forms we established an independent nation; with the period of the French Revolution; with the period of the new nationalism in which Greece struck for freedom, and Poland, and Italy.

There are other revolutions with which the American people as a whole, the British people as a whole do not associate these noble qualities—there are other revolutions which they are less inclined to emulate. There is the Russian communist revolution which is as much a revolution as any of the others, perhaps more of a revolution than any of the others, but it is not surrounded by that classical aura and charm with which the *good* revolutions are pictured in our children's school books. The Russian Revolution went too fast and too far—(we are looking at it in the past, at what it did in the past). If Kerensky had lasted for more than a few eloquent weeks, if Russia had been content with the magic formula of the Two Houses, then the Russian Revolution against the Czar (against the Byzantine imagery of the Czar) would be in our picture books along with the other good revolutions.

Then, too, there are revolutions concerning which American and British opinion is divided. Of these the most notable is the Protestant Revolution against the Papacy. It is this revolution which provides the best analogy for our action in these times. For this revolution is best known by the term Reformation.

The armies of the United Nations are the armies of a Counter-Reformation.

We have no Robespierre, no Danton, no Lenin—even the Russians have no Lenin. We have no revolutionary ideology. For what it is worth our enemies have a revolutionary ideology. Since 1939 we have talked and talked and talked, obsessed with the idea that to be dynamic one must be revolutionary. And we have failed entirely to acquire a revolutionary ideology. The point is past discussion. The lack of a revolutionary ideology is now apparent in all our action. The war, to win the war, is what we are after. Not the revolution (even if we had invented one): not de Gaulle considered as a possible threat of innovation in France; not even Count Sforza unless he postpones his opposition to the Italian King. Whatever changes may be desired by the peoples of Europe must wait until after the war. Here is Mr. Churchill, September 21, impeccably precise in his terminology. He is counseling Count Sforza: "there are moments in the life of a country when people cannot be more nice than wise." "It is necessary in the general interest as well as that of Italy that all the surviving forces in Italy's national life should be rallied together around their Government and that the King and Marshal Badoglio should be supported [cheers] by . . . liberal and left-wing elements. . . ." Mr. Churchill to the House: "Well, now, is that all right? [Laughter]."

Of course it's all right. Mr. Churchill's statement should render absolutely futile any further arguing that the armies of the United Nations are revolutionary armies, installing revolution wherever they advance.

So long as we talk about revolution we cannot escape the fact that we are the counter-revolution. We advance to recapture expropriated territory. We advance to destroy a revolution. We advance to accomplish a Restoration.

(The vocabulary which opposes Restoration to Revolution is, for historical reasons, hardly an inspiring one. That is why those of us who have been talking about Revolution and now find that we are accomplishing no more than a Restoration are inclined to miss, sorely, the bright images with which the word Revolution is accompanied.) But if we leave the imagery of revolution and counter-revolution and turn to the precise historical content of the words reformation and counter-reformation I think we will find new hope and new strength.

For I believe that national socialism and fascism were strong because we were not making our democracy work in the fields in which it should have been put to work. I believe that the Protestant Reformation was strong because Catholics were not making Catholicism work in sufficient justice and integrity. I believe that the fundamental needs of Germans and Italians are concerned with justice and that the fundamental needs of all men are concerned with God. I believe that the Counter-Reformation sought to prevent the Catholic Church from ever accidentally obstructing the way to God. I believe that the present counter-reformation of democracy seeks to prevent democracy from ever obstructing the path to justice. I believe that counter-reformation is a good word, a good symbol for renewed effort.

C. G. PAULDING.

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For a Brave, New Order

What is Canada's coming political party, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation?

By **Harry Lorin Binsse**

M. J. COLDWELL, Member of Parliament for Rosetown-Biggar, is a stocky man of slightly more than average height, with a great deal of presence and affability and with a manner slightly reminiscent of Mr. Michael Williams's. He was born 54 years ago in the County of Devon, England, and came to Canada in 1910, as a young man fully qualified in his chosen profession of teacher. Within 4 years he became principal of a public school in Regina, Saskatchewan, after having served in the schools of Alberta. Within another 10 years he was running for Parliament, and by 1935 he was elected as a candidate of the newly-formed (1932) Cooperative Commonwealth Federation. At that time the leader of this infant party was Mr. Woodsworth; Coldwell soon became his principal lieutenant and succeeded to the leadership when his chief died in 1942.

About the middle of September I spent well over two hours with Mr. Coldwell at the Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal discussing with him his attitude on a host of subjects and attempting to formulate in my own mind the significance of his party, which gives every indication of becoming an important if not a paramount element in Canadian life. It is true that the CCF has not yet won a clear majority in any provincial election, far less in any general election. But its power and its appeal to the voters is indicated by what must remain a remarkable achievement in so short a time as 11 years—especially when one remembers that this group has never been able to count upon large financial resources for the simple reason that it makes no appeal to business; quite the contrary, it is business's worst bogeyman. It is today the official Opposition in the Provincial Parliaments of British Columbia, Saskatchewan and Ontario, and it holds seats in several other Provincial Parliaments, thus spanning the whole continent from the Pacific to Cape Breton Island. It has 11 members in the Dominion House. But most significant of all have been the results of recent elections. This summer its representation in Ontario rose from practically nothing to the second largest delegation, thus becoming, as I have just said, the official Opposition in the wealthiest and most populous of Canada's Provinces. And in the recent Dominion by-elections, out of four seats at issue, the CCF won two, the Communists (disguised under the label "Labor-Progressive") won one, and the French Canadian Bloc Populaire won the fourth—neither of the old line parties, the Liberals or the Progressive-Conservatives, having been successful anywhere.

We should further remember that Canada's present Federal Parliament was elected in 1940 and that a great deal of water has run over the dam since the Liberals were so overwhelmingly returned during those days of the "phoney" war. My opinion may not be worth very much, but it is my guess that if a general election were held within the next few months, the CCF would win either the largest single group—of course a minority—in the House of Commons, or, at worst, the second largest single group. This opinion is certainly shared by many Canadians. The recent action of the Canadian Congress of Labor is very significant. This Congress roughly corresponds to our own CIO, except that it more nearly would be equivalent to the CIO joined to the Railroad Brotherhoods. At its meeting in Montreal on September 15, its delegates passed the following resolution:

> Whereas it is becoming increasingly apparent that organized labor, if it is to play its part in improving the welfare and economic status of the workers, must take political as well as economic action, due to the inevitable and ever enlarging control that governments are exercising over all aspects of economic life and industry in this country; and
>
> Whereas in the opinion of this Congress, the policy and program of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation more adequately expresses the viewpoint of organized labor than any other party;
>
> Therefore be it resolved that this convention of the Canadian Congress of Labor endorses the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation as the political arm of labor in Canada, and recommends to all affiliated and chartered unions that they affiliate with the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation.

Remember, in connection with these resolutions, that Canadian labor, like American labor, has in the past made it a principle to remain non-partisan, endorsing individual candidates of any party when their records seemed favorable to labor's cause.

Of course Canada's Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, is an astute politician. He has

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behind him a large if by no means united majority in Parliament. He will do everything in his power to prevent a vote of no confidence, and thus to keep in office. It is certainly beyond dispute that he has no desire for a general election, and because Canada is at war, it is certain that a majority of the Members of Parliament would support a motion for the extension of their tenure of office beyond the constitutional limit of five years, hence prolonging the life of Mr. King's Government. Mr. King has stated that he will not ask for any extension. But his party is notoriously split on the question of conscription. Quebec is an overwhelmingly Liberal Province; over 60 of its 65 members would vote against the Government if the conscription issue were raised. And other issues may arise which could precipitate a general election.

I asked Mr. Coldwell what he would do were such an election to be held and were his party to win the largest block of seats, while still being in the minority. Would he be willing to form an alliance with another minority group and thus work out a coalition government? His answer was as direct and honest as I had expected it would be. He pointed out that the objectives of the CCF are so radically different from those of any other party that coalition would serve no purpose except to frustrate his own group's aims. "I should ask for a straight vote of confidence on our own program. If I did not obtain it, then we should try to go to the country a second time on the specific issue of whether the people want the kind of administration and policy the CCF wants, or whether they want a coalition of the old line parties."

What, then, is the nature of the CCF, and how does it differ so radically from other Canadian political organizations? In general tendency, I do not believe that it differs entirely from the position of the Quebec "Bloc Populaire"—in so far as the Bloc has announced any positive program in the economic sphere. For this statement I may have my head taken off, but I shall try to explain it in a later article. The Bloc Populaire, however, is only a year old and so far it has given every indication of basing its appeal upon protest, upon dissatisfaction with the existing Liberal Government. Certainly the CCF is miles apart from both of the older parties and from the Social Credit group. One of its members in Parliament, Mr. Angus MacInnis (Vancouver East), well indicated the general line the CCF takes when he spoke on March 25 last:

> May I remind the members of this House that the aims and policies and even the social philosophy of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation and of this group are not something that is particularly and peculiarly ours? Our policies are similar to those of labor parties in the other parts of the British commonwealth, such as Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand, and they are the same as the policies of democratic socialists no matter where they are found throughout the world. Therefore, when my honorable friends cast aspersions on the members of this group they are casting aspersions not only on this group but on men like Walter Nash, former minister of finance in the Labor government in New Zealand; they are casting aspersions on men like Herbert Morrison, member of the British war cabinet; they are casting aspersions on men like John Curtin, Prime Minister of Australia; they are casting aspersions on men like Sir Stafford Cripps, a member of the British war cabinet. In fact, Mr. Speaker, they are casting aspersions on scores of statesmen throughout the British Empire, men without whom the world would be very much the poorer and its hope for the future very much darker. I wish to say to this House that the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation is closely associated with the British Labor Party and with the Labor Party of Australia and New Zealand.

This sets the general tone of the CCF, indicates the atmosphere in which it operates. It also helps to explain the party's popular standing, for it must be remembered that there are close links of association between thousands of Canadians and the British Labor Party as well as its equivalents in Australia and New Zealand. Thus by reflection the CCF stands in a much stronger position than if it were an isolated phenomenon in one of the Dominions of the British Empire.

As for its positive program, that is readily available to anyone who wishes to consult the full text of the Regina Manifesto of 1933. In a recent issue of *Maclean's*, (Canada's *Satevepost*), Mr. Coldwell answered at considerable length 33 questions of crucial interest to Canadians under the general title, "What *Does* the CCF Stand For?" He reaffirms the Regina Manifesto and elaborates on some of its statements. Space prevents any extensive quotation here either from the Manifesto or from Mr. Coldwell's replies in *Maclean's Magazine*. I shall therefore try to summarize in my own words.

Internal Policy. The CCF believes in working democratically. If it should win power, it would do nothing to prevent other parties from soliciting the favor of the electorate and it would abide by the parliamentary traditions of Canada. But it would proceed to further by every available means public or "social" ownership of all monopolistic enterprise, of all important utilities. This does not mean *Federal* ownership of all business. The proposal is that the Dominion Government should become the owner in fact of the entire banking system, of the railroads, and of such communications and key industries and monopolies as must by their nature operate on a national scale. Mr. Coldwell told me that in taking over existing organizations, he would not necessarily approve of unifying them into single systems. Thus the Canadian Pacific Railway would probably continue to operate under its present name and would be encouraged to compete with the Canadian National Railway, already the property of the Government, just as though

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it were still a private company. He believes in competition within government as a valuable check against bureaucratic stuffiness and inefficiency.

A different sort of enterprise would come to be absorbed by Provincial governments, this being particularly true of electric power and light and the development of certain natural resources. In a third category there would be municipal public ownership, a good specimen being in the distribution of milk in large cities. In all cases compensation would be paid by government to present owners. Of course there would be heavy taxes on large accumulations of wealth in private hands, so that this compensation would, with the very rich, be offset by taxation, and would be of substantial benefit only to those who are moderately well off.

Finally, the bulk of smaller business, of farming production and retail selling and specialized small-scale manufacture, would be handled by autonomous cooperatives, organized on the Rochdale pattern. And, as another CCF member of Parliament, Mr. T. C. Douglas, put it: "May I emphasize the fact that this group has never advocated government ownership of any industry in which there is sufficient competition, but advocates government ownership only of those industries which have become monopolistic in character."

Foreign Policy. Canada's foreign trade would be largely handled by means of government boards operating somewhat as do the agencies created under the present wartime emergency. Thus the needs of various industries within Canada would be carefully estimated, and those raw materials which must come from abroad would be purchased by a central board and allocated as seemed best. Similarly Canada's exports would be handled by lumping them together under the control of a central agency which would proceed to sell them in the world market at the most advantageous terms. The object, of course, is to enable Canada as a unit to carry its full weight both in buying and in selling and to cut open market speculation out of the general economic picture.

The CCF follows the other Empire labor parties in its attitude toward international politics. It favors a prompt solution of the Indian problem and has suggested that this problem be put in the hands of an international committee on which would sit representatives of all the United Nations, the purpose being to avoid any action which would amount to jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Naturally the party looks to some kind of international political organization after the war, calculated to make impossible a recurrence of world war and the things which lead to world war. Despite its very positive dislike of communism and the Communist Party—so recently as September 5, the CCF National Council rejected categorically the application of the Labor-Progressive (Communist) Party for affiliation—the CCF is extremely anxious for the friendliest possible relations with Russia.

I asked Mr. Coldwell directly the question which elicits most interest on the American side of the border but which is surprisingly uninteresting to Canadians. Would the CCF be likely to approve any idea of absorbing Canada to the United States? His reply was emphatic. "The CCF certainly would desire no such thing, nor do I believe that any considerable body of Canadians desires it. We have many established political customs and traditions of which we are fond and to which we cling. It would be impossible for us to become a part of the United States without serious psychological wrenches and without consequences which we do not desire. Inevitably we should lose status by such a union, since there are only 11,500,000 of us. The only circles in which you might possibly find some sentiment for annexation are the circles of monopolistic big business, where there is a real fear that the Canadian people may cease to tolerate the abuses to which they have so long been subject, and where there is a real inclination to seek salvation in union with a United States which seems to be tending more and more away from ideas inimical to monopoly interests."

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This brings us to what is indeed the strongest of CCF policies and the most attractive of CCF appeals. In general it may be said that Canada has never had any real restriction on the tendency toward ruthless monopoly which is implicit in liberal capitalism. Our neighbor to the north has been a country where finance capitalism has been able to ride high, wide and handsome. Some of the notorious financial deals in Canadian business history—and in very recent history, too—are equal to the worst that took place in the United States during the second half of the nineteenth century, perhaps even exceed that very bad worst. You hear of corporations financed through the sale of securities to the general public, then deliberately wrecked by their promoters and bought in for songs—a process which might be described as squeezing out blood as well as water. You hear of shameless deals whereby a tax exemption has been secured from governmental bodies. You hear of every breed of buccaneering and exploitation within very liberal laws, and often enough without them too.

The result is that to an almost incredible extent Canada's productive plant is monopolized, is tightly held by a tiny handful of individuals. Perhaps the most extreme instance of this is alum-

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inum. Yet aluminum is only one of the largest of a group of monopolies. The story of aluminum is worth telling briefly, for it is one of the principal CCF talking points and it explains why the people of Canada are getting fed up.

The corporate setup of aluminum is very complicated, as you might expect, and as is generally the case with such monopolies. Its parent company is the Aluminum Company of America (Alcoa). This business enterprise controls substantially 100 percent of the domestic aluminum in the United States. Because large-scale and cheap electric power is essential to the modern process of refining this metal, the Aluminum Company has long been concerned with tying up all available hydro-electric facilities throughout the northeastern portion of this continent. At first it operated in Canada through wholly-owned subsidiaries, but since this threatened to be in contravention of U. S. anti-trust laws, a new setup became desirable. Aluminium Limited was established in Canada, its shares being distributed to shareholders in the Aluminum Company of America. Today substantially the same people own both companies, and their presidents are brothers. Aluminium Limited became the parent company for 33 foreign subsidiaries of Alcoa, among these, the Aluminum Company of Canada, the latter being the principal refiner of aluminum in Canada with tremendous works at Arvida in the Province of Quebec (named after Arthur V. Davis, president of Alcoa). Through purchases in the neighborhood of Arvida along the Saguenay River, the aluminum interest controls vast potentials of electric power—potentials so great that they seriously threaten any practical reason for developing sites along the St. Lawrence River of which so many far-sighted Americans and Canadians have dreamed.

With the coming of war, naturally there was a tremendous need for increasing the production of aluminum. The capacity of the plant at Arvida was limited by the existing hydro-electric development, and to increase this it was necessary that the resources of the Saguenay should be further tapped. The Shipshaw Dam was the answer. This is one of the largest power developments in the world. Its site was already the property of the aluminum interests; the only question was who would pay for developing it. In the words of Mr. Coldwell, speaking before the House of Commons on June 14 of this year, here briefly is the story:

> For fifty years Aluminum Company of America, later, its creature, Aluminium Limited, and the latter's fully-owned companies together have obtained, and for nearly half that time maintained, complete control of one of the most profitable industries in the world. It is to this giant trust that Canada has given, through permitting it to write off during the war the cost of its plant extensions and three-fifths of the new power plant, "Shipshaw," what amounts to a bonus of $154,500,000 in one area on the Saguenay River. In addition to the write-offs, under certain circumstances, and in some instances in one year, they give further bonuses amounting to over $23,000,000, making in all a total of $177,000,000.
>
> These are not advance payments for aluminum, as some people are saying. Canada gets no rebate in price on account of these enormous concessions. In addition, the United States government has advanced to it, as of March 24, 1943, the sum of $68,500,000, enabling it more than to pay for entirely the power plant costing $64,500,000. The advance payment of $68,500,000 is to be paid off by a deduction of five cents a pound on every pound of aluminum supplied to the United States Metal Reserve Company. No such provision exists in regard to the price paid for aluminum by the British and Canadian governments.

There is a great deal more in the same tenor which might be quoted, but to do so would be merely to weary the reader. What it all amounts to is that, once the war is over, an already rich combine will have been handed, at substantially no cost to itself, a substantial part of the power output of a gigantic plant. Parenthetically it should be added that Aluminium Limited helped in the organization of the world-wide aluminum cartel, which included the German Farbenindustrie, and thereby was instrumental in fixing a world price for the metal. And as Mr. Coldwell pointed out (March 9, 1943):

> We find today . . . that we have to gather up the old aluminum pots and pans throughout this country and in the United States because during these years, under that agreement, the Germans had built up the largest aluminum development in the whole world.

He later gave some interesting figures as to the profits made by aluminum:

> I shall take the Aluminum Company of America first, because it was originally the parent of all the companies affiliated with Aluminium Limited. It can be shown that this has been a highly profitable monopoly for many years. An analysis of the financial history of this corporation reveals the enormous profits made by the owners. In 1905 the original capital, including not only cash but stock issued in payment for patents, amounted to not more than $3,121,600. Thirty years later, in 1935, the original investment, without the investment of another cent raised from themselves or from the public, gave the owners assets in Alcoa and its creature, Aluminium Limited, totaling $167,500,000. By 1942 those assets had jumped to over $350,000,000 for Aluminum Limited alone. In the twenty-five years from 1911 to 1935 the profits available for securities representing the original investment of $3,121,600 totalled $240,000,000, indicating an annual return of 282 per cent. Out of this some $81,274,000 was paid in cash dividends, representing a cash return of 100 percent per year paid on the original investment. Imagine what will be the vast increase in the assets of the corporation as a result of the accelerated depreciation now being granted by Canada! This enormous accumulation of wealth, representing mainly gains derived from monopoly power and privileged access to valuable hydro-electric resources, has been concentrated in the hands of a mere handful of people. There has been no wide diffusion of ownership of aluminum shares, some ninety percent of the stock being held by directors and members of their families.

There is no space here to describe labor conditions in the Canadian aluminum industry; an

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article by Burton Le Doux, published in these columns last April, discusses this aspect of the situation at some length. Let it be said that trustification in aluminum has been paralleled in scores of lesser instances, particularly with power, tobacco, meat, nickel and oil (Alberta possesses perhaps the richest oil reserves still remaining on earth). The Canadian public has become fed up with this sort of procedure on the part of its government, and it is turning in reaction away from the politicians who have allowed such things to happen.

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There has been open opposition expressed to the CCF by certain Catholics. This is important because the Dominion of Canada as a whole is approximately 40 percent Catholic, and its second largest province, Quebec, is substantially all Catholic. Catholic objections boil down to this. The CCF is socialist and is therefore anathema. A recent issue of the Toronto *Social Forum* strongly states this Catholic objection.

> A man has a natural right to ownership of productive property and the state possesses no right to destroy this incentive to gainful enterprise. But the whole CCF scheme is based on the socialist dream which would have all persons contribute to the common good according to capacity and to receive from an all-wise and bureaucratic state according to their needs. Its whole socialist concept is false. It aims at concentrating both economic and political power in the Government, thereby establishing state supremacy and reversing the natural order by turning the people into servants of the state whose master they should be.
>
> Catholic opinion favors public ownership of certain properties, but anyone familiar with the context of the encyclicals knows that it is a system of distributed ownership that the Church advocates, with state control in such instances merely a necessary and recognized exception. This qualification, Pius XI wrote, is not "in any sense peculiar to socialism. Those, therefore, who look for nothing else have no reason for becoming socialists." The same great Pope set forth the principle of "subsidiary function" which asserts that the state should not take over activities which can be left to lesser bodies.

As against this, the CCF itself knows how to quote the encyclicals. (Legend has it that Catholic social thinking was first introduced to Mr. Woodsworth by Henri Bourassa, the grand old man of French Canadian nationalism.) Said Mr. Douglas in a speech already cited:

> We agree with the statement contained in the encyclical . . . [which was] written by Pope Leo XIII, that "anything which dominates the life of the community should be owned by the community." That is the basis upon which we believe there should be government ownership of monopolistic enterprises.

Whatever may be the right and wrong of this matter, it is significant that shortly before the recent Ontario elections, in which the CCF made such a remarkable showing, official Catholic diocesan papers indicated that it was permissible for Catholics to vote CCF. Perhaps it would not be beside the point to remark, also, that the degree of monopolization which at present exists in Canada goes far beyond anything the Popes have had in mind in writing about the social order.

Finally, the communist victory in the recent Montreal by-election has had a profound effect on the opinions of many Canadian Catholics, and especially of members of the hierarchy. It is generally admitted that this victory would have been impossible had not Fred Rose, the successful candidate, received the backing of a substantial French vote, even though the district where the election was held was about 40 percent Jewish. The Montreal *Gazette,* only a few days before this writing, reported a victory banquet held by the organization which succeeded in electing Rose. Speeches were made both in English and in French, and the *Gazette* remarks: "There was a substantial French-speaking delegation, and their place in the 'new order' was specially mentioned. Fred Rose said he would bring in two bills next session, one to make anti-Semitism a crime, and the other to grant equal rights to the French Canadians."

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Whatever may happen regarding the attitude of the Church toward the CCF, one thing is certain. This party embodies both a protest against the abuses of monopoly and a strong popular will toward a more equitable and a more democratic social order in Canada. To the extent that it succeeds in gaining power, it will produce to the north of us a nation very different from what that nation has been in the past, and a nation from which citizens of the United States may perhaps learn a great deal.

Midsummer Day

One day alone the earth sustains
this pitch of heat and light
then like a mortal easily tired
She turns toward dark and night.

The sun which gives her warmth and life
She cannot long endure:
her substance is too grossly made
for element so pure.

One moment only she abides
the sun when he's most gold
then faithless to his fiery light
seeks winter's ancient cold.

We are her heirs. We love as She
but for a moment's breath
and daily turn from what's most fair
toward dark and death.

JESSAMYN WEST.

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The Hallowing of All Life

An aspect of Christian life largely forgotten in our day

By H. A. Reinhold

THE FALL ember days are over: we have thanked God in our churches for the harvest in solemn fasts, hymns and prayers. In austere and beautiful Masses of this autumnal season even the Holy Eucharist has been related to harvest and daily life. With our national holiday of Thanksgiving over a month off, we have time to ponder sufficiently over this friendly intermingling of the natural and supernatural.

And to judge from the index of the "Rituale Romanum" there is no precinct of life on which the Church does not bestow a blessing of some kind. But perhaps it is better first to say what this "Rituale Romanum" is. It is the special book of rites and blessings for the sacraments and sacramentals not contained in the Roman Missal or the office book of the bishop or pontiff, the "Pontificale Romanum." Its body contains twelve chapters or "titles," a general introduction on baptism, on penance, on the Holy Eucharist, the rites of the sick, the dying and deceased, and matrimony. These sacraments take up about a third of the book, seven titles. The eighth title contains those blessings which occur during the year, like holy water, blessing of the Easter food, the altar apparel and vessels. Title nine contains the many processions of the church calendar and in times of special need. Then follow a collection of approved litanies, exorcisms and rules for parish archives. The appendix, which is almost as voluminous as the body of the book itself, complements the above titles and adds innumerable blessings from church bells to scapulars, from bees to cow stables, from printing presses to medals.

This enumeration, dry as it is, is necessary to show what a wealth of rites and hallowings there are stored up in books of which even more devout Catholic hardly ever hear about or from which they ever see a single word or action. Of course, some blessings are restricted to specific areas, like the great number approved only for the Archdiocese of Cologne, among which there is one for water, bread and salt in honor of Saint Hubert against rabies caused by dog bites. Strange as it sounds to our ears, its text is beautiful and strong, almost conjuring the miracle which before Louis Pasteur was the only thing that could save men from that terrible affliction. Naturally, with miracles you have to take your chances, and if human science has freed mankind from this scourge, Saint Hubert will certainly not mind his blessing being shelved. After all, he is a saint and saints have never opposed anything that helped mankind. There is nothing over-confident or magical in these prayers; they all refer us back to God Almighty and His mercy and kindness. Has not Christ promised miracles to those who believe in Him, like drinking poison without harm and picking up snakes without danger? If our faith were as a mustard seed we would, like Gregory Thaumaturgos, tell a mountain to move and it would obey.

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A blessing like Saint Hubert's and similar ones seem to lie on the outer fringe of the liturgical life, even though we realize how they really are centered in the light of faith and the words of the Gospel. But the "Rituale" contains a great many things that are easier to link with those visible signs Christ Himself sanctioned and which since the high middle ages have been singled out by theology for the name of sacraments. Sacred words and things like bread, wine, water and oil are the symbols Christ Himself endowed with a new significance that went beyond signification and carried in themselves the greater reality, divine life. There is nothing surprising in this "materialization" as long as the Word Himself became flesh. Of course, materialization is an erroneous term anyway—since neither Christ becomes bread in the Eucharist, nor does the Holy Spirit become oil in the consecration of chrism. In this the slanderers of sacramentalism, who protest in the name of the Spirit, all err. After all, what is material in these sacred signs is only what carries their signification. These fine distinctions are hard to understand it is true, but if you don't want to accept in childlike faith on Christ's word what has been handed down through the living tradition of the Church, you will just have to do what scholasticism did: reason things out to the limit of human understanding. You can't stop half way because things become so involved and subtle that all the theologians' fun of finding something like an equation gets lost over their

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strain and labor of getting things nicely labeled and stacked in orderly piles! How much more repulsive for one looking for simple truth and life!

A purist might claim that he would be willing to accept those seven sacred signs for which Christ Himself has pledged His divine authority. What the Church has developed further he might not be willing to accept. Non-Catholic scholars like Usener have always suspected that a great deal of the ritual of the Church was picked up from pagan sources and then "baptized." They admire the Church for her clever policy toward the rude and newly converted nations. The Celtic spring solstice fires, which Patrick brought into the Church changing them into the New Fire of the Easter vigil—as one version has the story—is an example of this shrewd pedagogy. Others point to the date of our present Christmas feast, which coincides with the winter solstice and the pagan birthday of the invincible sun. There are dozens of instances where historians have pointed with gloating to what they think a sort of pagan "skeleton in the closet" of Mother Church,—things of a disreputable ancestry. It causes them a wicked joy to have found out that Roman Catholicism is, after all, pagan with a thin Christian veneer. The more intelligent ones, like Harnack, just throw up their hands and shake their heads in tolerant surprise. They shrug their shoulders and look with one eye on such sublime mystics as Saint Teresa or Meister Eckhart, and with the other on such gross things as the blessing of beer and cheese, and all they are able to muster in a last effort of charity and justice is a grand word: *complexio oppositorum*. The Church, to them, is an incredibly complex affair of the sublime and the trite. But so is life, so is man! Some will admit that as a good mother she had to stoop to the Polish peasant, the German burgher and the French feudal nobleman as well as the poor illiterates in the Abruzzi backwoods and on Sicilian manorial estates. Has she not only recently permitted Christians in Japan to bow to the symbols of state? Would not China by now be a Christian country if Father Matteo Ricci, S.J., had had it his way, sparing old traditions and folklore which could have easily been baptized?

Perhaps these purists will agree that the Church was a master of compromise and thus a good educator, but they will say that this admixture of mud now has to be melted out of the true gold of Christ's real message. The time of worshipping God in spirit and truth has come. Shall we not now in our scientific and enlightened age drop these things, or at least leave them to Sicily, Ireland, Poland and the Spanish-speaking countries, where people seem to be fond of them? At least, where all these things are unusual, don't let us introduce them. Joseph Andreas Jungmann, in his great book, "The Gospel and Our Way of Evangelizing the World," actually advises us not to revive those rites which people, as he thinks, fortunately have forgotten. Here is one man within the fold who implicitly accepts the verdict of outsiders that Holy Mother should switch from her former pedagogy of religious and intellectual unions to adult education and should forget the things she did for man when he was in the kindergarten stage of development.

Let us see if this is really what the Church wants us to do and if not, why we could not claim that here in the New World, where we live among an enormous non-Catholic majority, we should be allowed to drop these non-essentials. Unless there are confidential instructions higher up, I have not seen anything in writing which would justify such a policy. It is true, articles have appeared which discourage such things as the Candlemas procession. Reason: it is not now a custom here and its introduction would be a break in our national tradition which is just as good as other countries' local customs. I would diagnose this as a bad case of "legalitis," which means that you can build up a foolproof argument, if you stick to the words of your law book, but that you forget history and the great setting out of which you have taken your case. Historically, for instance, this Candlemas procession, which is one of the sacramentals, could simply not be carried out when the Church here was a missionary institution, poor, under-staffed, hemmed in by prejudice. But now that the others have become accustomed to flowing purple robes, lavish churches, beautiful convents and magnificent Catholic campuses, could we not with even better reason afford to begin to celebrate the entire liturgy as it is on the books? Voluntary poverty certainly helps the spreading of the Gospel, but liturgical destitution and parsimony is hardly the thing the poor demand of Christ's Church.

Yet churchings, blessing of houses, of the bridal chamber, of pilgrims, of the little ones, of food and harvest, of wine and beer, of the expectant mother and of the sick are certainly the exception in our days. Aren't they all a warm breath from the loving heart of our mother? Granted they are not sacraments working through a consecration, or as theology terms it, *ex opere operato*. They do not transsubstantiate things. But they do take things out of the ordinary, secular world and put them to the service of God. They flow from the seven Sacraments as an ever-broadening river receives its life from the clear and live mountain stream at its head. If matrimony is a sacrament, what is more natural than to bless the house, the bridal chamber, the expectant mother? Should her first visit in church not be a triumphant entry with candle light and song of psalms, Christ meeting her at the gate in the person of

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his priest? What a tribute to motherhood, what a lighting up of nature to a new vision! Is it so strange that the Church should imitate Christ and call her infants to the altar or the knees of the visiting priest for a special blessing? Instead of having to pat Pat on the back and pull Joan's pigtails in a teasing way or making just a stiff social call, I have always felt I wish the people would get over our mutual embarrassment during house visits by just asking me to do what priests do best: blessing.

The same seems to be true about the sick. They will go and tell you all about their last injection and where it aches and pains; old people will even insist on showing you their wounds and scars, all in a very nice, un-selfconscious and trusting way; but if you could read them a part of the beautiful service of the "Visitation of the Sick," Gospel and all, I suppose they would feel better and holier and not just see in you a nice chap who dropped in out of pure human kindness (which I certainly do not want to belittle or discourage). Is not that what our people really expect, even if they like to see Father unbend and tell a good joke or listen patiently to woes and tears? One can bring a whiff from the sanctuary without leaving an oil slick behind.

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Looking at these blessings, it becomes evident that some of them are simply elaborations of the sacraments, e.g., the four minor orders leading up to the priesthood. Holy water is derived from the idea of baptism, or the blessing of wine on the feast of Saint John the Evangelist and of bread on Saint Agatha's feast relate us to the Eucharist. Other connections have been pointed out before. Some of them any faithful may draw. But it is not evident for everybody that the well known grace before meals is especially timely when it is sung in religious communities, as it is called, "eucharistic" in spirit, thus linking the family meal in each house to the family meal at the altar. Its Our Father, its versicles taken from the old eucharistic Psalm xxxiii, and its blessing make it almost visibly an "agape," a meal of love related to the Mass. Nobody is unimpressed by the monastic custom of chanting these prayers and then partaking of food of the body, while a reader offers food to the mind.

If we still carried out these lovable rites which seem to take all secular vulgarity out of the simplest human things and give value and significance to the most trite of them, certainly our understanding of the real sacraments would be more profound. We would not have to fear that in our sacramental lives we were escaping "reality" and lived in a fairy world of escapist illusions. Those things are so truly realistic. The Kingdom of God here really rubs elbows with the humble and ordinary things that make up the life even of the chosen people of God. If we did all we could do there would be a tremendous change of attitude. The incorporation of our whole lives into the divine sacrifice could be grasped with our naked hands and the slowest-witted child could see such obvious relations.

What makes a priest regret that most sacramentals have lapsed from practice and memory is not only that it is now so much more difficult to let the people completely see the significance of the sacramental world, as a world, an organism full of meaning, related to life and its stages, with proportion and perspective and not just disconnected devices to fool the devil and hell, but another observation which brings to mind equally seriously consideration. The strange fact is that some sacramentals did survive and are very much sought after. As a matter of fact, they are extremely popular: the protective ones, the safety devices—I mean certain medals and blessings. If we try to arrange the sacramentals in concentric circles around the seven sacraments according to their nearness and relationship to them, to salvation, to worship of God and sacrifice, to the "consecration of the world" initiated in Christ's incarnation, then these things are certainly where the planet Neptune is in the solar circle: on the outer fringe of the economy of salvation. Their immense popularity does not have to be discouraged, because some over-conscientious men may see dangerous inclination toward superstition in them. The average faithful knows, at least in theory, the difference between a Saint Christopher medal and a rabbit's foot, a blessed object and a charm or amulet. Of course, non-Catholics often wonder, if this theoretical knowledge is not nullified through its practical application. But I think that nobody need start a campaign of purification of pagan remnants in people's minds, if the things closer to the center, more significant, more centered on God are duly emphasized, if we become conscious of degrees, of perspective, of differing qualities, of inter-relationships. The kingdom of Heaven comes to the whole man, and if Christ allows us to ask for bread and tells us that every hair on our head is counted, we may safely express our faith in God's all-embracing providence by hanging a medal on our child's or departing soldier's neck. However, it is a time, when isolated from and not complemented by a whole world of sacred elevation of little things and small events, those things indeed look void of real sacred significance.

You can take two attitudes: one would be to be sparse with material signs in the religious sphere. Prune down to their utmost minimum those old sacramentals which to purists seem to have a stark medieval flavor. Let us stick to what the Church guarantees: the seven sacraments

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and all that is necessary to perform them. That would be a sort of Catholic puritanism. To such an attitude even these rudiments are embarrassing, except for those who never think of wider perspectives and happily toy with canons, paragraphs, decrees and rubrics. "It is written," is all they need. For them it is a game with rules. But our puritans and utilitarians ought to be consistent. If the Candlemas procession and churching is no good, then the miraculous medal and blessing of throats is no better; none of them was introduced by the Lord, and while the first two are divine worship with God as the center, the latter are centered around something less important, the human ego, at least comparatively. You don't want to do that? Then let us be consistent. Bring back all of the missing links.

What can we do about it? We can be very patient about it. Don't be impatient, ever! Make the first step: be churched, invite the pastor to bless the house (and bridal chamber) and ask your nice young curate who cheered you up on his last visit to your bedside, if he would be kind enough next time to give that blessing and sick-room service THE COMMONWEAL mentioned. I am sure he will be very glad to do it.

Communications

REPUBLICANS

Yuma, Arizona.

TO the Editors: I was impressed with your review of Willkie's book and immediately bought it and read it with pleasure and approval. The letter from the Reverend George G. Higgins in "Communications," also in issue of July 30, met with my approval (for what it is worth) and I am writing now a little addendum to Father Higgins's criticism. He desires Mr. Willkie's ideas on present domestic problems; so do I, and also I wonder why Willkie was silent during the past decade on so many matters that had a direct bearing upon the subject he is so intensely engaged upon in "One World," namely America's share in world order.

As election time rolls around, when we shall be looking for men to put into places of responsibility, let us not be hypnotized by the racy and entertaining style of "One World," the persuasiveness of "We Need a World Government," the dogged realism on post-war questions of an Ohio senator, or the truly all-embracing plan of a Republican committeeman, with his bow to internationalism on one side and to isolationism on the other side. If we let rhetoric count too much, we may be led into entrusting these writers and speakers with important political posts solely because of their present commendable world outlook. It is recent; they are just on the band wagon. For, examine their records. What was their stand when the Johnson Act was passed? Or if that is far back, how did they feel about (1) the Neutrality Resolution, (2) sanctions against Italy, (3) the non-intervention committee in the Spanish War, or (4) the hullabaloo that was raised when our destroyers were traded for bases. And what did they think when Mrs. Lindbergh urged us all to "learn to live with Germany," and when Lindbergh said that Germany was invincible. (And so she was in 1940, but the implication of the Lindbergh speeches was that she was permanently too much for any other nation to take on in a military way.)

For the most part the answer to the queries is "Nobody knows." The present attitude of these writers is the fashionable one. I am not claiming they are insincere, only that when it comes to choosing men to fill the highest political positions there is good material among men not so spectacular nor so dazzlingly in the public eye, who in the past viewed these matters as moral questions and went on record about them, while apparently the hearts of Willkie, Stassen, Taft, Dewey or Kelland never skipped a beat.

They may claim to have always been internationally minded and liberal from way back, but these claims are in the class of "rainbow generalities," as Father Higgins says; now let us hear them talk some "hard sense" about such particular practical phases of this world-order matter as I have enumerated above. Can they square their present fervor with their decade of silence? For if they cannot, then I think their most impassioned eloquence should not put them on a par with men whose reasoned judgment, far-sighted vision and conscience have always led them to a fearless expression of their belief in America's duty to share in responsibility for world order.

MRS. LOUIS P. HAMILTON.

TWO GERMANIES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: J. L. Benvenisti's article "Two Germanies?" (September 17) is full of statements which can hardly go unchallenged. The author of this article tells us, for instance, about Lord Vansittart, that "there is nothing in the least muddle-headed in the way he states his case." Is he not aware of the fact that Lord Vansittart's "Black Record" is one of the most amusingly illiterate books ever written in modern times? We have only to take such a statement that the "Germans in their insatiable desire for more *Lebensraum* occupied 1700 years ago Rumania." But Lord Vansittart's insular ignorance may be excused by the fact that he is acting under a *"ressentiment"* in the Sombartian sense since he is of German origin (Von Sittart; cf. "Burke's Landed Gentry").

As to factual content, I would like to challenge Mr. Benvenisti's use of the popular label "Pan-Germanism." What does he actually mean by it? The *Alldeutscher Verband?* The *Grossdeutsch* idea? Surely as a progressive democrat he cannot possibly condemn the German *risorgimento.* Although far from sympathizing with either idea, I think that the expression "howling lunacies of Pan-Germanism" is merely a shot in the dark.

As to the question whether there *are* two Germanies, Mr. Benvenisti ought to bear in mind that every country under the sun has a whole score of aspects. There are probably at least 16 Germanies, 9 Americas, 19 Britains,

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etc. Only a Leftist (a democrat, a nationalist, a racialist, a "liberal") will condemn a whole nation *en bloc* or impute to it *moral* deficiencies. Mr. Benvenisti knows by his own admission only the seamiest aspects of the Germanies: the imperial period of the second Reich and the third Reich. Yet there was a first Reich and there will be a fourth. As a conservative who has no respect for the intellectual and political gifts of any "nation" (and least of all of the German "masses") I still believe that the vast majority of Teutons are people of good will. I wish Mr. Benvenisti could have spent the first days of the Second World War in the nazi dominion; he would, as I did, have seen a nation in blank despair, contrition and pain. Living in a Protestant country he seems to credit human beings with too much intelligence, but exaggerates the results of original sin in the moral sphere.

AUSTRIACUS VIATOR.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The astonishing article, "Two Germanies," by Mr. J. L. Benvenisti—an article especially astonishing in the general context of THE COMMONWEAL—invites at least a comment, if not a refutation. It seems to me necessary that the readers of Mr. Benvenisti's dangerously confusing article could be reached by the expression of an opinion absolutely opposed to Mr. Benvenisti's conceptions—though certainly equally guided by "a whole-hearted desire for the truth."

As to my personal qualifications for knowing and expressing the truth about Germany, I may refer to the interview published in the *New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town" on July 3 and to my article in *Tomorrow* (August and September).

In fact, Mr. Benvenisti's article is concerned with two problems: (1) with the thesis that "those below," the masses, thanks to their "potential demonic force," are more aggressive and dangerous than "those above," the leaders; (2) with the application of this principle to Germany, summing up in the thesis of the "Two Germanies," the dynastic Germany represented by the admirable genius Bismarck who "feared the Frankenstein monster of the German people moving under the power of its own will" (!) and "would only make use of it in the chains of a dynastic harness" and, on the other hand, the "Germany of the mass" with its "demonic and wholly irrational potentiality." This is merely a new version of the "criminal race," of Dr. Brickner's "paranoid Germany" and of the whole school of thought (including Vansittart as well as Emil Ludwig) inspired by a sort of anti-Germanism—the exact counterpart of, but not more rational or moral than, anti-Semitism. The special danger of this new version of old errors is the insinuation or implication that the future peace should be concluded rather with the "dynastic Germany" than with the "Frankenstein monster" of the German people. This interpretation, based upon a total reversal of historical and psychological facts, creates a confusion of public opinion which, by repetition of the fatal mistakes of 1919, leads inevitably to a third world war.

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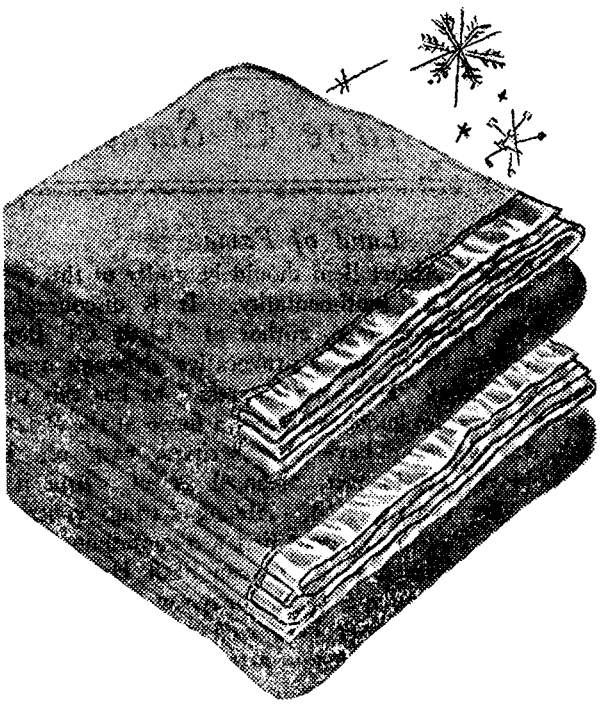

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I cannot hope to prevent Mr. Benvenisti from indoctrinating English soldiers with what he pretends to be a "highly informed objectivity," but I feel the moral obligation to sound alarm if and when this sort of philosophy is displayed in a paper like THE COMMONWEAL.

FRANZ SCHOENBERNER.

The Stage & Screen

Land of Fame

I'M SORRY Albert Bein should be guilty of this piece of unorganized sentimentality. It is discouraging. One of the younger men, author of "Little Ol' Boy," "Let Freedom Ring" and a provocative although unproduced play called "Heavenly Express," he has this time wandered far from home to present a fiasco at the Belasco which should never have been written, cast, set, lit, staged, played or, in fact, dreamed at all. And it is dreamed very badly indeed. Among settings contrived by Frederick Fox to represent first a mountainous region somewhere in Greece, then German Staff Headquarters in a nearby Greek village, (and, I may say, under weather effects which have never been seen outside the mirror of Lewis Carroll or an amateur attempt at "Peer Gynt"), Mr. Bein has built a series of incidents describing the momentary and bitter victory of a local guerilla band over the nazi occupying force. And he has peopled these incidents with a large number of Greek villagers and guerilla fighters who are all somehow diminished, measuring somehow less than the known actuality. Even his nazi officials are undersized, and his entire conception shows up as a sad counterfeit when compared to the living reports on every hand. I think that this strange understatement of fact is due largely to two reasons: one, to a mistaken idea on the part of the author that it is the frailty or weakness of people which is of singular interest in this war in which we are engaged; and two, to his serious lack of invention as a writer, since throughout three acts, one finds him occupied with the extraordinary process of imperfecting his characters in order to elongate his play. Certainly a picture of soldiers who are endlessly lovesick at every crucial moment; of civilians who are alternately decisive and wavering; and of an enemy who is successively resolute and faltering is not either an historically accurate one, nor one which could make for good theatre at any time. At the Belasco on Wednesday night, it simply made for a tedious, impatient evening. As a tribute to one of the most valiant of our allies, "Land of Fame" is undoubtedly a little thin. (*At the Belasco.*

KAPPO PHELAN.

All This and Heaven Too

THE TROUBLE with these star-studded musical films is that you get a little too much for your money and you come away surfeited with glamor. Quick on the heels of "Star Spangled Rhythm" and "Stage Door Canteen" appear two more musicals bursting with names. From the M-G-M lot, and overflowing with their brightest boys and girls, come *"Thousands Cheer."* Its story, thought up by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins, about the colonel's daughter and the private who fall in love, would be humdrum if it weren't for Kathryn Grayson and Gene Kelly who play the leads. As it is, it's pretty synthetic and at times too much like playing soldiers. Kathryn becomes Private Miss Jones when she goes to camp with her father (John Boles) a dull and unimaginative colonel whom her mother (Mary Astor) divorced many years ago. Mama comes running when she hears Kathryn has fallen in love with a private whom mama then refuses to meet because he was in civilian life a trapeze performer. Gene Kelly plays the embittered soldier well—with almost too much conviction.

Of course there's the big gala entertainment put on for the soldiers. Mickey Rooney acts as master of ceremonies and has difficulty groping for superlatives. Eleanor Powell taps, Virginia O'Brien sings and keeps her dead pan dead, Red Skelton imitates, Lena Horne sings a lovely number and looks like a million dollars in a white dress before a lot of mirrors, Judy Garland swings a lively song while Jose Iturbi turns on rhythm at the piano (Iturbi plays, leads and flits in and out of the whole picture as a friend of Kathryn), Frank Morgan appears with Ann Sothern, Lucille Ball and Marsha Hunt in a pointless and tasteless skit, Kay Kyser and Bob Crosby and Benny Carter lead their orchestras, and some very beautiful girls pose and dance in some well staged production numbers, and to top it all off a group of trapeze artists supposedly lead by Gene Kelly (the substitution is obvious) do a thrilling aerial act. By this time you have had enough—even of such good entertainment. Fortunately the story winds up quickly. Kelly mends his manners, sets off with his company and the colonel while Kathryn and mama wave. Then comes the finale: a super-duper United Nations number by Shostakovitch, Rome and Harburg, sung by Kathryn Grayson and hundreds of men from the various United Nations. It is a rousing good number and at the end of it, you applaud and fall in a heap—exhausted. This 126 minutes of cinema was produced by Joe Pasternak and directed by George Sidney. Natalia Kalmus was in charge of the technicolor which is among the best I've seen on the screen.

The outstanding thing about *"Thank Your Lucky Stars"* is not what its stars do but that they do it. Warner Brothers has gathered its leading performers and put them through some square hoops. For instance: John Garfield does a *recitative* parody on "Blues in the Night" with tough gestures; Olivia de Haviland, Ida Lupino and George Tobias sing and dance a little hot-cha item; Errol Flynn lightly warbles an English comedy song about an over-cocky sailor; Bette Davis, trailing a chiffon kerchief, sings a torch song: "They're Either Too Young Or Too Old" (a number that the psychiatrists might have fun analyzing for its strange message about being true to the boys in uniform because only infants and bald heads are now available anyway). Of course several more professional numbers turn up during the course of this long, long picture: some in the show-within-the-

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show (this time it's a Cavalcade of Stars for Allied Charities) and some during rehearsals. Dinah Shore, Dennis Morgan, Ann Sheridan and Joan Leslie put over their songs well and conduct themselves without any suggestion of being amateurs surrounded by expensive props. Hattie McDaniel sings the lyrics effectively in a spirited all-Negro number called "Ice Cold Katie." My favorite act of the whole bunch is "Headin' North," a burlesque of old time vaudeville which Jack Carson and Alan Hale do with roguish glee.

You better be sure you like Eddie Cantor before you go to "Thank Your Lucky Stars," because you'll see an awful lot of him and his bouncing gaiety. In the plot (or what passes as a plot) Cantor plays two roles: himself and a Hollywood tour guide who cannot get into the films because he looks so much like Cantor. The real Cantor is a pretty obnoxious person who insists on bossing the big show; so Edward Everett Horton and S. Z. Sakall are delighted when bogus Indians bop him on the head and the amenable tour-guide-Cantor takes his place. Joan Leslie and Dennis Morgan also figure in this story which is the brainchild of several scriptwriters. David Butler directed their concoction and Mark Hellinger wrapped it all up in costly production. Although I found the business of Cantor kidding himself rather tiresome, a Cantor fan might think it's uproariously funny. In fact that goes for this kind of starry revue. The fans might eat it up. I'll take vanilla.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART. *Richard Llewellyn. Macmillan.* $2.75.

THIS MAN RIBBENTROP. *Dr. Paul Schwarz. Messner.* $3.00.

A New Limehouse

A WORD ABOUT this special book section begun in these pages some nine months ago. It has seemed a good way of characterizing new volumes of unusual interest, significance or importance. They have been chosen for comment, not necessarily as an indication of a critical accolade. They are books which the editors feel COMMONWEAL readers would want to know something about—books to buy or borrow or pass by. And they have ranged from little masterpieces which would tend to bloom unseen for lack of funds for promotion to potential best sellers such as the latest Richard Llewellyn novel, "None But the Lonely Heart," which starts out with a first printing of 50,000 copies.

London is the *mise en scène,* this time, that part of London down by the railway tracks with a gas works just down the end of the road. Ernie's back yard, which keeps getting covered with cinders, was mostly concrete. "There was circles and squares left open down the middle in a kind of pattern, and in them Ma Chalmers had planted privets and something else as never come to anything except a lot of weeds and marigolds."

Despite Ma's heroic efforts to keep the place clean and do for her nineteen-year-old son, Ernie's life is bare indeed. For five years now he has been working half-heartedly as a lithographer's apprentice. His face is always breaking out and his clothes are always soiled and frayed; he has not a boon companion to his name. The only things that keep him going are a September-mornish plaster statuette he once won at the Fun Fair and the most graphic and tantalizing thoughts of a sweater-girl named Ada, who makes change at one of the games at that Coney Islandish establishment.

Ernie first arouses, then, all the pity of a character from Graham Greene. Consider the hopelessly bleak surroundings in which he lives. His loneliness and longing for something or someone to love in his own animal-like fashion and his pathetic concentration on getting what he wants—be it only two half crowns from his thieving mother—arouse great expectations in any Greene addict. But except for a new jauntiness and self-confidence (maintained even when he is hunted by the law) when his mother passes on, Ernie never gets anywhere. To the last his conversations never get beyond a certain animal cunning which consists of saying only what he senses will get him farthest with the person from whom he wants something at the time. Only on the rarest occasions there is a moment of revulsion or courage or love.

Starting out as a mere good for nothing, Ernie embarks on a criminal career and what was merely bleakness, ugliness and poverty now descends to new depths. There is a Hugoish escape through a sewer with a mortal duel and rats in great prominence, while his new companions in crime have a decidedly Dickens cast about them. But the Victorian tabus on rough language are no longer present. Here and there flickers a spirit of human kindness and of brave humor in the face of destitution. Ernie's musings and some of the conversations are just the type of thing that can be found drawn or written or carved in American public washrooms.

So although it is the story of Ernie, who presents his reactions to the various sorry developments in the third person, but with capital letters as if to drive home his complete obsession with himself and his own primitive pleasurable or painful sensations, it is more of a study of environment than anything else. The effect of living in the squalid district down by the tracks, in the abandoned tenements where criminals hide out, even his exaggerated satisfaction with the tinsel and excitement of the Fun Fair, make "None But the Lonely Heart" a powerful indictment against a society that would permit such conditions to continue. Environment is the villain against which numerous human wills are powerless—an extreme

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view which has its elements of truth. As a sort of preface the author cites Robert Owen to the effect that "man is now reduced, by a total change of laws and customs, to the lowest state of mental degradation." Except for the skill and occasional emotional fire with which it is written this book is a far cry from "How Green Was My Valley." And not only because Huw's innocence contrasts with Ernie's obsession with sex. The main difference is that Mr. Llewellyn's earlier best seller was a positive nostalgic evocation of a hard but beautiful way of life, while his current volume is the very opposite.

The Expert on England

"THIS MAN RIBBENTROP" knew English. There were many functionaries in the German Foreign Office who knew English; there was a vast amount of information about England and the English accumulated in the Foreign Office; there were any number of Foreign Office experts on English affairs—but, in 1930, the German Foreign Office was not at Adolf Hitler's disposal. Ribbentrop was available.

Hitler, of course, knew neither English nor French, neither the English nor the French, neither the English landscape nor the French landscape. He lived in a closed German world; he lived in a closed world within the closed German world. Vast sectors of the German world were closed to him. And the fact that in his mind and purpose this closed personal world was to spread over Germany and then spread over the world outside Germany, affecting nations and peoples outside Germany, did not lead Hitler to the broad human realities existing within Germany or to the human realities existing outside Germany—it made him attempt to summon them into his systematized dream. But, since realities disrupt a dream, they could be made to enter harmoniously within the dream only after they had been transposed into representational concepts. The reality England could not enter the dream; a Hitlerian concept of England could be made to fit within the dream.

In order that Hitler might be satisfied with his concept of England, it was necessary for the concept to resemble reality as closely as possible. Had anyone but Hitler seen a dream walking? It was not exactly that. Hitler's friends shared his dreams. He had talked them into believing in his dreams. What he sought was an expert who did not believe in dreams who would tell him that his dream was not a dream: that what he saw in his dream was indistinguishable from the truth: that he had divined the truth. For this purpose the German Foreign Office could not serve. Ribbentrop appeared—Dr. Schwarz shows what trivial and unpremeditated circumstances led to his introduction to Hitler. Ribbentrop had undeniably proved that he believed in business not in dreams. Ribbentrop had no need to dream about England; he had lived in England, in Canada; he spoke English; he had English friends, important friends. Ribbentrop was the "expert" Hitler had been awaiting. He was the "expert" because what he said about England, the pictures he brought from his travels to the man who had never traveled, showed an England that fitted Hitler's dream. An England that would not fight.

Dr. Paul Schwarz has written an entertaining account of Ribbentrop's progress from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to renown. Anecdotes, photographs of Ribbentrop in his new uniforms, gossip—the book is an amusing one, superficially amusing. Dr. Schwarz detests this upstart. He does this from a special point of view, that of the professionally trained German Foreign Office functionary. Dr. Schwarz reflects the feeling of the professional, who follows rules, for the amateur who does not even know that they exist. Justifiably Dr. Schwarz is sarcastic about Ribbentrop and contemptuous. Before being instrumental in destroying Europe, Ribbentrop destroyed the traditions and conscience of one of the great German state services. Ribbentrop was the *Gauleiter* of an occupied Foreign Office. Those Germans who have worked in the pre-Hitler German foreign service can never forgive the man who destroyed the legitimate pride they could take in the services they gave their country.

More Books of the Week

Peace and Reconstruction. Michael O'Shaughnessy. Harper. $2.00.

THOSE of us who weep and howl about the sins of big business are sometimes accused of being ignorant of business, or motivated by envy, or just young upstarts trying to call attention to ourselves, or all three. In fact, all three may be true in my own particular case, but certainly none of them can be true in the case of Michael O'Shaughnessy, author of "Peace and Reconstruction," who is himself a mature business man, a former member of the National Association of Manufacturers, for the last 20 years editor and publisher of *South American Oil Reports* and *O'Shaughnessy's Oil Bulletin* and a devout and eminently respectable Catholic.

This being so, I think Mr. O'Shaughnessy's opinions of capitalism and capitalists are, if he will excuse the expression, very hot stuff, and I am going to quote them at length without any apologies whatever.

First, about capitalism: "A simple definition of the capitalistic order is a civilization in which all things are evaluated in terms of money. It is materialistic; its fundamental objective is personal profit; its political credo is plutocracy; its social philosophy is the survival of the fittest; its motivating force is greed and selfishness; and its end is social injustice, hence extreme social insecurity."

Next, about the NAM: "The resolutions adopted at the War Congress of American Industry (rather a presumptuous title) held under the auspices of the NAM in New York in early December indicate no change in the mentality of that organization, lip service to twentieth-century social and economic objectives, with the contention that they can be reached by nineteenth-century reactionary methods. This situation seems hopeless."

Third, about big business men in general: "After many years of close association with men of this class it is the writer's considered opinion that they, as a class, are not likely to make any constructive contribution to genuine social reconstruction. There are notable exceptions, but the die-hards, a large majority, will obstruct it in every way possible."

Finally, about the cause of depressions, unemployment and wars: "In the first quarter of the twentieth century we in the United States reached a point in our mass-production techniques where the total income of consumers was not sufficient to buy the products of our machines. The owners of the machines and the entrepreneurs took so large a part of the national income that consumers lacked the money to buy their product. This

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inequitable distribution of the national income was one of the prime causes of World War I, of the consequent depression and now of World War II."

The sub-title of Mr. O'Shaughnessy's little book is "A Catholic Layman's Approach." I can only say that I wish to high Heaven that there were more Catholics, more laymen, and particularly more American business men like himself. His knowledge of the social encyclicals, his devotion to their spirit, his enlightened ideas on world government and cooperation, and his practical suggestions for bringing them about were all an inspiration to this reader. Mr. O'Shaughnessy has already done a world of good as founder and guiding spirit of the Catholic League for Social Justice (no relation to royal oaks of the same name) and I believe he may accomplish even more good with his present brave, outspoken and altogether remarkable volume. JOHN C. CORT.

Paris Underground. Etta Shiber. Scribners. $2.50.

MRS. SHIBER'S account of the part she played in helping British soldiers, stranded after Dunkirk in France, escape into the then unoccupied French territory makes a modest, unpretentious and interesting story. It is the case history of the birth and death—when the Gestapo broke it up—of one out of hundreds of organizations which sprang up in France to oppose German rule in France. It is the story of how spontaneous action by individuals created organized action, of how individuals were brought together in an organized effort because each of them was moved by a purpose which, arising in his own heart, arose also in the hearts of other Frenchmen. In those days after the armistice when all seemed lost there was a real danger that there would seem to exist no longer, to be present and at hand no longer, any precise duty for French men and women to accomplish. Everything which had been bound together in the war effort was dissolved when there were no longer French troops fighting and the war seemed lost entirely.

Then it was that the presence of British soldiers and airmen, wounded, in hiding, hungry, and pursued, provided the French with an obvious duty, an immediate duty of friendship and loyalty. A great many French people responded to this first recall to duty. There were a great number of accomplices in this secret and dangerous work of loyalty. Later the French responded also to the broader challenge which arose out of the German occupation of their country; there were a great number of accomplices, an incessantly growing number of accomplices who formed the movement of French resistance to that occupation. But the first duty—before one could think of saving France, of rebuilding France—was to save what could be saved out of the wreck of France; the first thing to do, in honor, was to save the British soldiers who although they were defeated in France had not accepted defeat in the war and who sought to return to their country so that they could continue to fight in the war. They were people who could be saved from the wreck of France and restored to their independence.

Mrs. Shiber, an American, was drawn into this work of freeing British soldiers from captivity. It seemed natural and inevitable to her that she should act in solidarity with French people engaged in this work and that she should share the danger. She knew that as an American she was acting against all the rules except the rule of her conscience. She managed to get a great deal of work done before she was arrested, tried and condemned. She was

Thinking Aloud on Baudelaire

"It was hell," we say after a session with the dentist. But that is to rate the dentist too high. He may stand for the pain of sense, but that is only part of hell's suffering. The pain of loss is worse, the pain that results by iron necessity from the soul's refusal of God. Hell is really mirrored upon earth only when these two pains combine in the torment of one man. They did so combine for Baudelaire.

He suffered the pain of sense at its most piercing, neuralgia that brought him close to madness. But he suffered the pain of loss just as acutely: for he believed in God and for the most of his manhood refused God. He had that sort of awareness of the majesty of God that you find in great saints: not for him Victor Hugo's "preposterous affability with the infinite."* He had the felt need of God and the agony from the felt absence of God which you find in great saints. But he was not a great saint, he was a great sinner.

That is to say he was a man in torment. For the pain of sense there was laudanum, but the relief was only temporary. For the pain of loss there was his black mistress, Jeanne Duval, but that relief was temporary too. The laudanum wore off and the neuralgia flowed back. The physical ecstasy wore off and the hunger for the absolute was devouring him as before. More laudanum, more Jeanne, and diminishing effects from both.

It may be that he sought relief in his poetry too, for there is a promise of healing in getting torment uttered. Relief or no, it really was uttered. His poetry is the very perfection of utterance. It has more content of agony than French verse had ever known but the content does not break the container. For his torment was in total intellectual clarity. He can utter Jeanne, for instance, and the whole of his experience with her. He can utter blasphemy and call upon Satan, for he knows whom he blasphemes and to whom he is likened.

Les Fleurs du Mal is religious poetry. Much of it is sheer light, but even its darkness gives testimony of the light it refuses. His suffering for lack of God is one way of proving God: we may prove the value of food by going without it as well as by eating it. Put the occasional blasphemy and occasional Satanism down to agony: blasphemy can be a groan.

Why bother about Baudelaire? For one thing he extends our knowledge of the Church's Catholicity. But also he raises the problem, never so acute as in our psychologically un-whole age, of the Catholic who is "different" and therefore difficult. For the mass of his fellow-Catholics Baudelaire was simply the incarnation of evil. They saw the sin and heard the blasphemy and were utterly insensitive to the profundity of spiritual elements that struggled in him for air and horizon. Spiritual realities can wear strange masks and indeed more strange grimaces. Air and horizon Baudelaire did at last find, at the end, when he had lost everything else. He died with the sacraments. May he rest in peace. And may we grow in sensitiveness.

* *The phrase is from Edwin Morgan's* FLOWER OF EVIL, *a brief critical biography of Baudelaire.* $2.50.

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not surprised or indignant at being arrested; she knew that she had earned the right to be considered an enemy by the Germans. If, eventually, she was exchanged by the Germans for a German woman spy held by the United States, well that was very nice; she was very pleased about it. But she did not do her work thinking that if ever she got into trouble the American government would save her. She took her chances with the others and throughout her account she is consistently more worried about the others than about herself. That, of course, is why, in the first place, she intervened in the matter of the British fugitives. FRANCES FERNEY.

The Republic. Charles A. Beard. Viking. $3.00.

IT IS NOT easy to decide whether Charles Beard is merely bored by most people's vapid exuberance, or is so ultra-liberal that he has no fixed convictions. He is a skeptic. He is not necessarily a cynic. Skepticism is properly part of the study of history. A student should be shown, convinced by evidence of the reasons why "facts" emerge to be facts. A scholar should reach convictions, however, upon more than scientifically demonstrated facts. One can not, for example, explain American history solely on the basis of economic determinism. Many professors have a horror of indoctrination of their students by their own professional convictions. Surely that is commendable, but it is also dangerous in its results upon the unformed minds of under-graduate students. Beard is one of the most popular of teachers. One of the results of his popularity among callow "students" is that he leads a very large number of them to the uncertainties which corrupted the whole pre-Pearl Harbor college generation. They were left rootless, with the sole conviction that there is nothing very desirable about anything American; that there is no great use trying to make anything out of it.

Beard's "The Republic" is a series of conversations, a private "seminar" in which the growth of the republic is discussed. The outstanding point is that he "doesn't know." Granted. Of course he doesn't know "facts" of history that are scientifically demonstrable. He is forced, therefore, to record human reaction, to behaviorism, in a word. Out of human reactions, out of human behavior, he deduces American history. That is as dangerous in its results upon unformed minds as is the similar procedure of certain brilliant professors connected with the Harvard Law School. You bog down between scrupulosity, leaving a mental vacuum; and discarding any consideration of principle in favor of a hard mental "new" positivism. WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

C/o Postmaster. Corporal Thomas R. St. George. Crowell. $2.00.

THERE WAS a time when Private Hargrove's satirical account of the life of a pre-war draftee seemed dated—at the very time in fact that his little volume was ringing up its biggest sales. For a while after Pearl Harbor much of our horseplay and goldbricking had lost its zip. Yet the Purkeys, Bregers, Kahns and other authors in uniform continued to dish up amusement out of the vagaries of army life. Corporal St. George writes in a similar vein.

Up to now a far lower proportion of our men has seen actual fighting than in 1917-18. For one thing we are manning scores of bases now reasonably immune from any chance of shot or shell or bomb. The greatest hardship for most of our service men is to be torn from home and loved ones. Compared with that the grind and dirt, the discomfort of camp and truck and transport, the climate and insects of the tropics don't add up to very much. Even to go on maneuvers in this war takes courage, but for most of the men so far the Army has not been a matter of heroics. Hence the soundness of finding humor in discomforts and making light of loneliness. It is, of course, a common form of pluck.

Corporal St. George's amusing sketches, which are plentiful, and accompanying text do a bang-up job in making it all real. Here is a sample of his style: "Outside of the new sewage disposal plant (which loomed up like a squat white utilitarian mosque on the other side of the parade ground, and being less than five years old, was worshipped by the natives as a living symbol of the great strides Australia was making in the general direction of civilization) the facilities in our camp were, to our way of thinking, all just shortly on this side of the Pleistocene Period."

The Army with its sergeants, its profanity, its problems about personal belongings, ceaseless search for female companionship, drinks, eats and other means of temporary escape is very much alive in "C/o Postmaster." When the call to front line fighting comes, as the book ends, the men's reactions continue to ring true. By any test Corporal St. George's book is light reading, but it will enable many a person at home to understand much more fully what the American soldier overseas is living through.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

The Music Lover's Handbook. Edited by Elie Siegmeister. Morrow. $4.00.

THIS COMPREHENSIVE book of 817 pages is exactly what its title suggests, and is probably the best general volume yet written and compiled for the man described on the jacket as a music lover: anyone who likes to sing or play an instrument; who stays home Saturday afternoon to listen to the opera broadcast; who spends a summer evening listening to a symphony orchestra or band; or who wrangles with his friends over the comparative merits of Louis Armstrong or Benny Goodman.

"The Music Lover's Handbook" contains something for each of these types of music-lover, for the man who worships Palestrina and the disciple of swing. The first section of the book is devoted to folksongs (Fiddle Strings and Ballads). Next comes a section entitled "How Music Is Made." "In the Concert Hall" analyzes clearly and interestingly the outstanding works of thirty-one composers, from Bach to Shostakovich. "High C's and Pirouettes" deals with opera and ballet. "Meet the Composers" presents the world's most important composers to the time of Ravel, biographically and critically, while "In Our Time" deals with the modernists. The concluding section, "Music of America," discusses our own music and our music life.

Aside from introductory chapters to each section and several extended contributions by Mr. Seigmeister, the contents of the book are selected from earlier volumes by leading writers on music. With careful judgment the compiler has brought to his readers an anthology of excellent criticism and exposition by specialists in various fields. He has arranged these excerpts in a logical order that renders his volume a practical and enjoyable guide to the music of every land and age.

JOHN TASKER HOWARD.

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The Inner Forum

Prayers for Victory

SOLDIERS FIELD, Chicago, was the scene of impressive candlelight services, September 19, when 135,000 people prayed together under the open sky at the third annual Holy Name Society Holy Hour. Prayers were offered primarily for the service men and women of the Archdiocese of Chicago and for peace and victory. Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch, who presided at the ceremonies and offered the meditation, called for "a victory that will make the United States a name that will be a benediction to all mankind." Thus far over seven hundred servicemen from the archdiocese are listed as killed or missing in action. The *New World,* official Chicago archdiocesan organ, estimates that 112,000 Catholic men and women from the archdiocese are already in the service of their country. The program lasted three hours.

Hymns and marches and patriotic anthems were rendered by such groups as the Cathedral Choristers, the Catholic Choir of the Great Lakes Training Station and the combined bands of a dozen diocesan high schools. A "Living Rosary" of lights was formed by 2,000 high school girls, down on the field itself, and the five sorrowful mysteries were recited in dialogue fashion by the assembled multitude. Finally there was a solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. In the course of the ceremonies it was announced that 40,000 people had pledged themselves to say the Rosary every night until the service men come home.

A similar religious rally on a vast scale was scheduled for the Archdiocese of New York for October 3, Rosary Sunday. The gathering is sponsored by the Holy Name Society, with Archbishop Francis J. Spellman presiding. In announcing this impressive gathering at the Polo Grounds in New York, Archbishop Spellman said in a letter read in all the churches of the Archdiocese: "Prayer is power—not human but divine. Prayer is a power that more than any other weapon brings about the triumph of right over might, of love over hate, of justice and charity over greed and selfishness. Individual prayer is good, but public prayer is better."

CONTRIBUTORS

Harry Lorin BINSSE, our Managing Editor, is freshly returned from a visit to Canada where he had long conversations with a number of political leaders. A subsequent article will deal with the present outlook in the Province of Quebec.

Jessamyn WEST is a California poet.

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD is a priest of the Diocese of Seattle at present engaged in research work in New York.

Frances FERNEY lives in New York.

William Franklin SANDS held posts in the diplomatic service of the United States in the Far East for a number of years. He has also served as headmaster of the Newman School, Lakewood, N. J.

John Tasker HOWARD, music critic and composer, is the author of "Our American Music," "Stephen Foster," "Ethelbert Nevin" and other books. Mr. Howard is a contributor to the "Dictionary of American Biography," the "International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians," and to current periodicals. He has also broadcast over the National and Columbia networks.

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Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, O. P.

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